THE

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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A BIG VISIT.

SHOWING WHAT A COMMUNITY CAN DO.

SOME of our correspondents in England, having heard that the buildings and grounds of the Oneida Community are a favorite resort for large parties of picnic-ers and excursionists, have expressed a wish that we would give an account of one of these excursions in the AMERICAN SOCIALIST. We suppose that our friends across the water are curious to know how a Community manages such affairs, and as the matter has a pleasant Socialistic bearing, we very cheerfully comply with the request.

Happily, an occasion has quite recently presented. About a fortnight ago, at one of the evening meetings of the Oneida Community, all the family being assembled as usual to hear a report of the principal items of news gleaned from the daily papers, to listen to correspondence of a public nature, and for conversation, a letter was read from Mr. David Ramsden, the Managing Director and Superintendent of the Oswego Falls Manufacturing Company, saying that the operatives of his company were desirous of spending a day at the Community, and asking if it would be convenient to have them do so on September first. There would be about 800 of them, but as it was intended to allow others besides the employés to join the party, the number of persons who might be expected would probably reach 1,200 or 1,400. The Community decided to allow them to come, only stipulating that all disorderly and ill-behaved persons be rigidly excluded from the party. Oswego Falls lies on the N. Y. & Oswego Midland railway, at a distance of about fifty miles from the Community. The excursionists would therefore come by rail. Of the 800 employés of the company, about three-fourths are females who spin and weave the worsted fabrics manufactured at Oswego Falls, for which there is a great demand.

The first of September arrived. It was a wet, drizzly, disagreeable morning for a pleasure excursion. But word had been sent that the people would come, rain or shine, and preparations for receiving them were accordingly made. Those officers of the Community who are called "Distributors of Help," had made out a list of members who were assigned to various duties for this special occasion. To wait on the visitors and show them about, three men and four women were detailed; to sell dinner tickets and check luggage, one man and a boy; to act as a sort of police for keeping good order in the buildings and grounds, seven men and three women; to tend a fruit-stand, soda-water fountain, etc., two men, one young woman and a boy; to act as table-waiters at the dinner, ten men and sixteen young women; to prepare ice-cream and special dishes, two men and four women; to fill and re-fill drinking fountains with ice-water, one man; to make bouquets, two men and two women; to wash glass and silverware, four women; to serve lunches and ice-cream at special tables, one man and two women; to make tea and coffee, one woman. The regular kitchen force of cooks were to do all the cooking of the regular dishes for the visitors, in addition to preparing the ordinary meals for the Community.

The weather was, as we have said, very unpromising; but the excursion party arrived about eleven o'clock in the morning, in two special trains of eight coaches each. There were 1,360 persons in all. They immediately walked from the railway station—which, by the way, is also called on the Time-tables "Oneida Community"—to the Community buildings, only a few rods distant. Here we ought to point out one advantage a Community has on such an occasion. Its public rooms are so large and so numerous that it can accommodate a very large party like the one we are describing, without seriously discommoding itself. While it rained the people could remain indoors and yet amuse themselves in various ways. The excursionists had brought with them the 48th Regiment Band, of Oswego, which now performed on the stage of the large Hall, while five or six hundred of the party found comfortable seats on the main floor and in the gallery of the room. Others settled down in the various sitting-rooms, or looked through the little museum and examined the collection of stuffed birds and animals, etc. A large number, finding the children's play-house vacant, took possession, and stowed away the many baskets and hampers of provisions which they had brought with them. At noon the rain ceased, the sun came out, and the day became very fine. Then the Band played outdoors, every body strolled over the lawns and through the shrubbery and flower gardens; those who had brought lunches and had not yet eaten them now partook on some convenient seat or in some arbor, and the hundred and odd people who had brought no lunch, bought tickets and partook of a Community dinner in the large Dining-Hall.

At this auspicious moment a celebrated pedestrian, Mr. J. Adams, introduced himself and offered to walk a couple of miles on time, for the sake of adding something to the variety of amusements, and with the prospect of reaping some pecuniary advantage. Agreed. An oval circuit was assigned him on one of the lawn walks, and two o'clock was set as the time for his performance. Promptly at the hour he appeared, dressed in suitable light flannels, and bare-headed. Every one had now finished dinner, so there was a large assemblage to witness the walking. Off started Mr. Adams with long strides and vigorous action. Thirteen times around the circuit he went, making his two miles in seventeen minutes and twenty seconds, notwithstanding he was somewhat delayed and annoyed by the ladies crowding up too closely to the course and getting their parasols and full skirts in his way. Very well done under the circumstances.

Then there was more strolling about, more music by the Band, lively times at the ice-cream tables, croquet-playing on three separate grounds, swinging, climbing to the top of the North Tower to look off, walking about on stilts discovered in the play-house by the boys of the party, many questions asked and answered, etc., etc., until four o'clock, the hour set for the trains to leave. Gradually and quietly the cars filled up again, the baskets and bundles and hampers were once more packed on board, the bells of the locomotives rang, and the trains, which had been waiting patiently on the long siding, moved away with white handkerchiefs waving adieux from every window. As the factory operatives had been furnished by Mr. Ramsden with free passes for their ride, and their wages continued the same as if they had remained at work, it was a genuine holiday to them.

Then the Communists turned to and had a "bee" for sweeping, mopping, and thoroughly cleaning the rooms, hall-ways and stairs which had been soiled. This was quickly done, and every thing was as usual. When the day was spent and they were again assembled in their pleasant evening meeting, among the correspondence was found a letter from a gentleman in Syracuse, N. Y., stating that a party of several hundred people who visited the Community one day last month would like to come again on the 19th of this month. Permission granted. So it goes. The excursions are not so frequent as to be burdensome to the Community. Sometimes a train brings a Church congregation from some neighboring village or city; again it is a Sunday-school with its teachers, or a temperance organization, or a company of lusty farmers with their buxom wives and children. These visits generate a large amount of good feeling.

It will be seen that when people visit the Oneida Community they may have a day of quiet pleasure, with such gentle amusements as men and women may alike enjoy. But there are no great excitements, no horse-racing, no liquor-drinking. Not even a particle of tobacco can be bought on the place. Nevertheless, people seem to like it. They have free use of a piano and an organ in the large Hall, and may sing and play to their hearts' content. Many of the women learn something by studying Community cooking. All of them get new ideas of household arrangements. The men like to examine the blooded cattle and go through the shops. And it often happens that unlooked-for entertainments offer, as in the case of Adams, the pedestrian. It is one of the advantages of the Communist that he does not have to go abroad to see sights and shows and to hear music. They come to him. The lesser wonders visit the greater.

F. W. S.

AMERICAN COMMUNITIES.

POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE AND OF CONTRAST.

II.

WE have mentioned that seven of the eight Communities included in this review and comparison are religious; and it may be noted that some of them have similar or identical

DOCTRINES.

The Shakers, Perfectionists and Harmonists have distinctive views respecting the Second Coming of Christ: the Shakers claiming that he appeared the second time in Ann Lee, their founder; the Perfectionists that that great event took place, according to promise, near the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, and within the lifetime of some of Christ's first disciples; the Harmonists that it is yet future, but near at hand.

The Shakers, Perfectionists and Harmonists believe in the duality of the God-head; the Separatists and Inspirationists in its trinity.

The Shakers and Perfectionists believe in the possibility of a present sinless life.

The Inspirationists of Amana and the Separatists of Zoar believe in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, and acknowledge no other creed. The Perfectionists regard the Bible as "the text-book of the Spirit of Truth," but not as containing all truth, or any truth at variance with the facts of science. The Shakers "hold the Bible to be a record of the most divine angelic ministrations to man, and more or less an imperfect record of the spiritual and religious experience and history of the most highly progressed portion of the human family."

The Perfectionists acknowledge Jesus Christ as their Savior, recognizing his dual relation with the Father. The Harmonists, Separatists, Inspirationists and Aurora-Bethel Communists reverence him as divine. The Respirationists consider him the Supreme Being. The Shakers regard Christ "as the highest and most purely spiritual being that ever visited the earth;" but *Jesus*, in their theology, is not identical with Christ, but a Jew —"a man and not a God;" in other words, Christ is

the Holy Spirit which rested upon the man Jesus when he was baptised by John.

CEREMONIES.

None of these Communities have many ceremonies or observances that are held as obligatory, and some of them, as the Zoarites and Aurora-Bethel people, are specially opposed to ceremonies, as tending to sectarianism. In general, they demand of their members that their practical life shall conform to their ideal of Christianity, and value ceremonies and ordinances only as means to this end.

CONFESSION.

At least four of the Communities—the Inspirationists, Harmonists, Perfectionists and Shakers—have some form of confession which they highly esteem as a means of personal improvement and general harmony. The Inspirationists call this ordinance "*untersuchung*," or examination into the spiritual condition of the members. This examination frequently occupies many days, and during its continuance it is expected that there will be general confession of faults, weaknesses and sins, as also of hard feelings toward fellow members—in short, a general purification of the Community of evil-thoughts and actions, in which work the "Instrument" is expected to aid by her clear insight and inspired words.

The Harmonists have a similar searching of hearts before celebrating the annual festival of the Lord's supper, that all difficulties may be reconciled, and the ordinance be observed in true Christian fellowship. The members are also urged, if they have been overtaken with temptation, or have any burden resting upon their consciences, to make a confession of the same to their leaders as well as to God, "believing that without this confession they can not expect that full forgiveness from God which will bring them full peace of mind." And the same is required of new members as "a wholesome and necessary part of true repentance."

The Perfectionists exact from candidates for membership a full confession of their past life, and they find practically many benefits resulting from the free confession of faults—from keeping their hearts open one to another, as they say. Their system of Mutual Criticism also helps them to a thorough understanding of one another's life and character.

The Shakers also make great account of confession. It is one of the essentials of their system; not only the door of entrance to their church, but an indispensable means of that purification of life without which it is impossible to live in happiness in a Shaker Society. They regard it as a first step to repentance, and the only way to forgiveness, and insist that confession must be made to man as well as to God.

HOLDING OF PROPERTY.

The property of these Societies is generally held in trust by the leaders or others; but Aurora-Bethel forms a noteworthy exception to this rule. Its property was until within a few years held in the name of Dr. Keil; but in 1872 he divided it, giving a deed of a part to each head of a family; but this division seems to have effected no change in the principles of the society. Individual accumulation is considered, as before, "contrary to God's law and to natural laws."

RULES OF ADMISSION.

Their phraseology differs widely, but in substance they agree, with the possible exception of the Respirationists: 1, that the applicant must understand and heartily accept the principles of the Community he proposes to join; 2, that he must get an honorable release from all outside obligations; 3, that he must submit to the established regulations of the society; 4, that before he can become a full member he must put into the common treasury all his property. The Separatists, Harmonists and Aurora-Bethel Communists have two classes of members; the Shakers and Inspirationists three; the others one.

(*To be Continued*).

THE BETTER WAY AND ITS SECRET.

WHETHER the Communist shall rebel against common society with a bludgeon and a petroleum torch, or with a plow and a church, depends upon whether he has not or has faith in God—whether he is a religious being or not. If priestcraft and tyranny have sapped his faith and debauched his moral sense, then he will attack society as the French Communists attacked Paris—animated by a furious envy of his more fortunate fellow-creatures, and an undiscriminating hatred toward every thing which reminds him of his oppressors or of the social system from which he has, or imagines he has, suffered wrong. If, on the contrary, he believes in God, he finds hope and comfort in the social theory which Jesus propounded; and he will seek another way out, as did the Rappists, the Jansenists, the Zoarites, and not less the Shakers and the Perfectionists, each giving his own representation to that brief narrative of Luke in which he describes the primitive Christian church: "And all that believed were together, and had all things in common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men as every man had need." These words have had a singular power over men in all ages since they were written. They form the charter of every Communistic Society—for even the Icarians recall them.—*Nordhoff's Communistic Societies of the United States.*

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

BY E. T. CRAIG.

III.

THE Revolutionary war fever of the French aroused the fears and the passions of other nations, and Englishmen were doomed to see the productions of industry wasted in fruitless wars and sanguinary campaigns on the continent of Europe.

War robs the homes of the working-classes of their peace and domestic comforts. Military drill absorbs the time and causes an immense loss of wealth in unproductive labor, while heavy taxes add to the misery and difficulties of the wealth-producers. The industrious classes were the first to experience the penalties arising from the folly which they had supported.

War not only destroys the source of wealth in killing the laborer, but also exterminates the consumer. In 1811 the distress of the people began to be very severe. In Lancashire and Yorkshire trade was paralyzed. The cutlers of Sheffield were unable to sell their goods, and had to pledge them for food, and this enabled the brokers to undersell the regular dealers. While competition had lowered the wages of labor, the prices of provisions had advanced. The working classes were keenly alive to the two evils, of want of employment and the high price of provisions, but they could see no remedy for the evils afflicting them. Disturbances and riots began among the stocking-weavers in the hosiery districts. Many workmen were discharged through the introduction of improved machinery for weaving stockings. Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire were the first districts in which the working classes manifested a fierce and bitter spirit against the employers of machinery. The actors in the riots assumed the name of Luddites from an imaginary leader, Captain or King Ludd. The disturbances extended in 1812 to Yorkshire, Lancashire and Cheshire. Ordinary suffering prompts intelligence to inquire into the cause, but ignorance, when allied with destitution, directs attention to the most apparent, palpable or seeming cause.

Few manufacturers could give employment, and none could give good wages in the existing competition. War expenditure had made the pressure of heavy taxation serious beyond all previous example. The House of Commons was besieged with petitions to inquire into the causes of the distress, and more than one hundred witnesses were examined at the instance of Mr. Henry Brougham and Mr. Baring. The evidence produced was of the most painful nature as to the destitution of the people, and of the inability of the employers to find work. Masters told of seeing their people sitting down to a scanty dinner of oatmeal and water, their only meal in the twenty-four hours. Landlords could not bear to ask their cottage tenants for their rent. The press had been silenced on the question of the day, but were permitted to sing of "splendid victories," and to rejoice over the slaughter of thousands on the field of battle. Disturbances arose in the manufacturing districts, and ended in military repression. The windows of the weaving factory of Burton and Sons, at Middleton near Manchester, were smashed by the employed weavers. Several shots were fired from the factory and three persons were killed. The excitement caused by this event was very great On the day following, the house of Mr. Burton was set on fire and destroyed. Food riots in Manchester were sources of anxiety to the authorities and the shopkeepers. At New Cross, a populous district of factory-workers, carts conveying provisions were stopped and loads of meal carried away. The cavalry and infantry were sent to put down the rioters, and several were taken prisoners.

THE DESTRUCTION OF MACHINERY.

The unemployed, in their ignorance and misery, considered machinery as the sole cause of the want of work, and began to attack and destroy steam-power looms. At West-Houghton a steam-factory was burnt down by rioters who assumed the name of Luddites. Destitution and discontent prevailed. Incendiary fires continued to blaze forth in the night in the northern counties.

JOHN O'GAUNT'S CASTLE, LANCASHIRE.

Great numbers of the rioters were sent to the county jails. Residing at Lancaster at the time, and from the fact that I had easy access to the Civil Courts of the new portion of the Castle, the numerous gangs of prisoners chained together, their trials, and the public execution of of them, were among my earliest, exciting lessons in some political power and criminal law. The Luddites were chained together at their wrists and ankles, and were brought into the town on stage coaches guarded by a troop of dragoons with drawn swords. The coaches discharged their loads at the King's Arms Yard, close to the house where I resided. The prisoners were chained in groups of eight and ten. On several occasions there would be double rows of these half-famished victims of misfortune marched up the hill on which the Castle stands, so steep that a loaded carriage has to take a zigzag course to ascend. The two gloomy towers and battlements of the Castle and the massive gates are signs of feudal power.

The care of the civil side of the Castle had been in the hands of members of my family for about a century. It was said that the Craigs had come to England from Scotland during the movement in 1745 and had settled at Milnthorpe. My paternal grandfather had married a Miss Bell, whose sister held the office of care-taker of the assize Courts. Through her kindness I was allowed free access to the rooms and halls of the Courts, and was naturally deeply impressed with the dignity and bearing of the barristers when robed and crowned with their powdered horse-hair wigs. The musical honors by the Trumpeters, and the quaint costume of the javelin-men, gave their influence in adding to the imposing presence of the scarlet-robed judges. I saw several of the Luddites tried. Many were transported and some executed. I saw several of these poor fellows pinioned and prepared for execution in a room which led to the gallows, erected on the outside beneath the windows of the Grand Jury Room, in an open square on one side of which stands the parish church on a rising ground. The tower of the church forms a conspicuous object with its belfry and clock directly opposite the place of execution. Large crowds of spectators, men, women and children, were accustomed to assemble in the open space; many sat on the walls and monuments in the church yard, waiting and counting the minutes left to the miserable men whose poverty had been their misfortune. During the time of the riots, the place of execution was occupied by dragoons to prevent any attempt to rescue the prisoners. The spot where these scenes were enacted was a remarkable one in which to take a farewell of friends and bid adieu to existence. On the left of the church is a wide, extensive, and beautiful landscape, embracing two arms of the sea, one the river Lune, and at about three miles distant Morecombe Bay and the Ulvestone Sands. Beyond the Bay are the Mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, forming a very beautiful panorama. In winter, when the mountains are covered with snow, they have some of the aspects of grandeur that recall the lower Alpine scenery of Switzerland. The execution of eight men at one time made a strong impression on me, and often recalls to memory the local associations.

(*To be Continued.*)

CO-OPERATIVE MINING.

Deadwood, Dakota Ter., Aug. 18, 1877.

EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—Coming from the States, where labor and capital are mainly employed in the interest of agriculture and manufactures, to this region where so many thousands are eagerly seeking for gold, and to obtain it are bravely enduring the severest labors and hardships, the thought is suggested—of what real use is gold after all? Does it in reality add to the wealth, comfort or happiness of a people, or advance them in those things that make life desirable? Without wishing at this time to discuss the abstract theory of gold, I pass to the admitted fact that, to a very large majority of the people of the world, gold *is* the one thing needful and above all others most to be desired. Not so much, perhaps, for any intrinsic value it has, as for its recognized value in the commerce and business of the world. To obtain it, men, leaving friends and all the comforts and conveniences of home, will risk and bear every thing in this new and remote country. They *grub*, as they call it here, in the plainest and poorest manner, sleeping on the ground and living almost like hogs, only worse in this that, while hogs generally associate with their kind, these men are alone. And after all, no larger proportion than one in a thousand who have come in this way, have succeeded in getting away with as much money as they started with.

This picture is not overdrawn. That this country is very rich in the precious metals is a fact no longer dis-

puted. There is a way by which mining here can be made an abundant success. There is no enterprise or industry where coöperation will work to better advantage than in mining in such a country as this. Allow me to illustrate: Let fifty men combine the capital they each would require to make the venture alone—say $500, or $25,000, for all. From this number a leader can be selected, and among them will be found men who can ably represent every class needed in the work; the mineralogist, the engineer, the mechanic, the miner, the cook, each finds his appropriate place and freely gives his energies and his time for the profit of all. Such a company could come here fifty per cent. cheaper than they could to come separately, and on their arrival could easily find many places where they, in a very short time, could make the money they want without sacrificing all the comforts and enjoyments of life. From the abundant timber of these hills, a comfortable home can be cheaply constructed with sufficient furniture for their needs. They can do the work in the most economical manner, and with their capital get all machinery needed for mining most successfully. Claims, where a man alone can by the hardest labor make only from one to five dollars a day, are worked here by machinery so as to yield hundreds and even thousands of dollars per day. By starting early in the spring and making all needed arrangements in a careful and systematic manner, a party thus equipped could do well in a few months here in the Black Hills, and should they conclude to go back in the fall they would leave behind claims that for many years would produce a revenue. Where few, if any, could succeed alone this could hardly fail of success. These are facts. If gold is an object worthy of honest effort, why may not these suggestions be made practical.

I am here studying this country and its resources. Expect to return in a few days to my home in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, which is my P. O. address.

JAMES A. THROOP.

THE WAY THE ENGLISH BEGAN.

AN OLD OWENITE'S STORY.

IT was in a small room in Manchester, England, Oct. 1829, that a number of working-men met every Sunday evening to discuss and read papers on Coöperation and Socialism. I visited the room with my elder brother, Wm. A. Ashton. The debate at the time was on community of property, coöperative establishments, unitary homes, etc. Although but eighteen years old I was a great deal interested in the subject discussed. I was called away from Manchester after a few weeks, but the little I had heard made a strong and lasting impression on my mind, and I began to advocate these principles to my immediate associates and workmen.

After an absence of twelve months, I returned to Manchester, and found that during the time a few workingmen had rented a room on Salford corner of great George-st., to be used for lectures and debates on Sunday, and during the week for holding a night school. The latter was called the "Manchester and Salford Co-operative School." Its object was to give instruction to the working-class free of charge, and to advocate principles of Community of property and Coöperation as proposed by Robert Owen. The teachers employed gave their services free, each teaching the branch he best understood, such as writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, drawing, music, dancing, etc. As a step toward Community of property we advocated Coöperation in store-keeping, work-shops, manufactories and unitary homes. We recommended free public libraries, free parks for the people, shorter hours of labor, and rational amusements to be provided in order to induce the working-classes to spend their leisure time in places more attractive than the gaming-table and rum shop. At this time, 1830, there were no free public libraries or parks in Manchester, so that people suggesting them were looked upon as a set of fools advocating the principles of Robert Owen.

Meanwhile our school and lectures grew attractive, and people came Sundays from Rochdale, Oldham, Stockport and Bolton—some a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. In order to better accommodate these visitors we began having social tea-parties Sunday afternoons at the schoolroom. Finding this room too small to seat all who came, we rented a larger Hall, which very soon was too crowded for comfort. We then engaged the largest hall in Manchester, capable of seating 2,000 people. A number of young men and women who had been trained to sing our social hymns, as well as our music-class, invited some of the leading musicians of the city to meet at our rooms. Many became favorable to our views.

Mr. Owen was invited to make us a visit and lecture. I shall always remember that first meeting with Mr. Owen in our little schoolroom. Th re were a dozen of us, all workingmen; our means very small. One of our number apologized to Mr. Owen for our poverty and for there being so few of us. Mr. Owen looked around the room, counted us, and said, "There are just twelve of you. Do not forget that twelve poor fishermen reformed the world; and you can, if you will persevere."

We soon found many good friends who gave us a helping hand. We little thought at that time that within a few years every town in England would have a Social Institution advocating these principles; or that a staff of paid lecturers would be traveling over the land, and that Manchester would have a number of free public libraries, and three new public parks; nor that coöperative stores, mills, all and every thing we advocated (except Community of property), would be attained! Then to think how we were ridiculed for even advocating such views; and even the life of Mr. Owen and his followers was once threatened. A plot having been laid to cause a panic by removing some supports from under the platform where Mr. Owen was speaking, the large room at the time being filled to the utmost, and thousands outside who could not get into the hall where our lecturers were addressing the people. I tell you all did not run smoothly. But opposition gave increased energy and celerity to our movements.

I never was more happy in my life than when walking three miles to teach my class in drawing and music. Remember, it was all volunteer service; each of us labored in the school to benefit our fellow men. Many a young man that attended it has made his mark in the world: There was Lloyd Jones, whose first visit was to oppose our views; he afterward became one of our best lecturers; there was Mr. Craig, called to govern a Co-operative establishment in Ireland; James Rigby, who traveled with Mr. Owen the last twenty years of Owen's life as secretary; Abel Heywood, now the mayor of Manchester and large publisher and bookseller of that city, and hundreds of others scattered throughout the world.

Recent events show that another Robert Owen is wanted to lead and pacify the working-classes; to teach them that strikes and destruction of property will not ameliorate their condition, but coöperation and unitary homes would do much. Owen's honesty had a wonderful effect on the mass of the workingmen. Thus the largest procession of united trades-unionists—seven miles long—sent a petition to the British house of Commons; the Government were alarmed, and threatened to stay proceedings. This would have caused a riot like that at Pittsburg and Baltimore. But Owen wrote to the Prime Minister and gave his promise that he would head the procession and be held responsible for any unusual amount of disturbance. The British government received the petition, and made laws to protect their trade-unions and benefit societies, coöperation and trading, which has been the salvation of England, keeping at home thousands of her best workmen.

The AMERICAN SOCIALIST should become the most important paper of the day directing and leading the workingmen and women to a higher state of society where strikes aud trades-unions will be unnecessary.

JOHN W. ASHTON.

Pawtucket, R. I., Aug. 25, 1877.

FRENCH SOCIALISMS.

THE two schools of Socialism— Fourierism and European Communism—came into being in France at about the same time. The circumstances essential to their genesis and development had been long preparing. Both were the offspring of the first Revolution. European Communism was begotten by the Jacobins and born of the Revolutionary *Commune de Paris;* it was the child of *Dis*organization. Fourierism was born of the party of order, carried to an extreme of justice and conservatism by the horrors of the Revolution; it was the child of *Re*-organization. The intelligent student will find in the utterances of Babeuf the seeds of all forms of European Communism. Here is what he says in his famous Manifesto of Equality, April 1796:

"We not only want equality as it is set forth in the declaration of men's and citizen's rights; we want it also among us in our homes. Let all arts perish, if necessary, provided true equality be maintained. * * * Agrarian law, or the division of lands has been the spontaneous wish of undisciplined soldiers, or semi-barbarous tribes moved by instinct rather than reason; we aim at something more sublime, and more just,—the common weal or the community of wealth. No more individual ownership of the earth; for the earth belongs to no one. We claim the common enjoyment of its fruits; for these fruits belong to every one. Henceforth there must be no difference between men except those of sex and age. Nearly all have the same qualifications, the same wants; therefore let them have the same education, the same support. We are satisfied with a single sun, and a single atmosphere for all. Why should not the same portion and quantity of food be sufficient for every one?"

Could one go further than this honest and robust reformer? For, be it remembered, his execution—or, as some will have it, his martyrdom—set the seal to his sincerity. Not a shadow of doubt had he that these words were true. The manifesto, however, was only an introduction to his plan, which was this:

"Society should be organized as a Community ruled by a supreme despotic power—the individual to be absorbed in the abstract being called the State. The individual taken in itself is, he holds, a nonentity. The State is all, alone having existence, and alone guiding each of its members, soul and body. Man, he affirmed, is but a sort of mechanism, an automaton, which it is necessary to provide with a healthy dwelling place, commodious, and neatly furnished, garments fit for work and rest; washing, light and fuel, a sufficient quantity of food, bread, meat, with vegetables, fruits, condiments, and other things, the union of which secures a moderate and sober comfort. Is not this all, he asked, that is wanted for the sustenance of physical life? As for intellectual nourishment, it is but a useless superfluity: the automaton man who governs himself may easily dispense with it. Hence he decreed: 'No philosophy, no theology, no poetry, no romance, no painting, no sculpture, no engraving, except by way of relaxation. Let whoever *wishes* be an artist on condition that he returns to husbandry when wanted, and gives up the pencil or the chisel for the plow. No one to utter opinions contrary to the sacred dogma of equality.' The regulations enjoined were to be observed to the letter; all of his adherents being bound by an oath of fealty."

Herein are seeds, not only of St. Simonism—indeed it might be justly said that the tap-root of St. Simonism is here—but also of Owenism and Internationalism. See, what power of procreation these germs possessed! Well, there would be some advantages, it might be conceived, in beginning anew—putting all customs, traditions, and superstitions aside, and placing all on a common level. Man might do better, trying again, than he has done. But, admitting equality of condition to be desirable, how to attain it, that is the question. European Communism thunders in reply, By compulsion. This, in our view, would insure the failure of the enterprise by the never-ending strife and bloodshed it would occasion. Equality would cost, even could it be attained by such agencies, infinitely more than it is worth. Therefore civilized society will never consent—all classes are so dependent on one another—to so great an expenditure of life and treasure as the coercive method would involve.

Just here Fourierism shows to good advantage. It takes up the problem from quite the opposite point of view to that of its great rival. It regards the individual, taken in itself, not at all as a nonentity or an automaton, but as an intelligent, an indispensable constituent of the State—a God-created being, full of inextinguishable life, of burning impulses and affections, and swarming imaginations, and unlooked-for eccentricities, and unutterable longings after the true and the beautiful, all to be provided for, properly nourished, gratified, disciplined, developed; none to be destroyed, ignored, or mutilated. Therefore it adapts itself to things as they are. It does n't require the public to go into convulsions in order to make a clear passage from the old to the new. Society as it *is*, it takes peaceably and affectionately by the hand, and says, See, here is a better way! It reasons with it, warns and rebukes if need be; but it never compels. The steps of transition are shown to be short and easy for all. Indeed it makes itself all things to all men. Fourier was religious, had faith in God, lived the life of a Christian, believed that the system of association he discovered—who had ever greater faith in organization than he?—would, if adopted gradually, but surely, lead to a condition of unity and brotherhood reflecting that of heaven. Therefore there is no trace of compulsion in his scheme, nothing to inflame the passions of men or provoke the destruction of property. No crowding of the lower classes into spheres above their stage of development, nor degrading of the higher classes to ignoble levels. The two are to be brought, instead, by gentle progressions, nearer and nearer each other, until their interests merge. His plan of organization was of wide scope. Depending upon laws of evolution, it required long periods of time for its full realization; but it aimed to *conserve* all the riches of the earth, all the treasures of literature, art, and science, and make them contribute to the improvement and happiness of man.

U.

PORTRAIT OF ROBERT OWEN—HIS PROPHECY.

It was pleasing to again have a view of my revered social father, for Robert Owen was the father of a most important epoch of my life. My opinion of the portrait is that it is an exact likeness or profile, as far as my memory will serve, though I should think it not quite so full in the region of firmness, conscientiousness and self-esteem as those I have seen at the Halls of Science in London. There must be some of them somewhere in London, and perhaps the London Socialists know where they are.

Since the laborers' strike, the prophecy of Robert Owen has vividly recurred to me as I heard him repeatedly make it when lecturing on his New System of Society. He said that if his ideas were not promoted and introduced by the governments of the earth, a state of things would arise, owing to the vast productive power of machinery, that would produce such a bloody revolution as has never been witnessed. Although I could well bear to have this turn out a false prophecy, yet the signs of the times rather indicate that it may prove true yet. R. A.

Shaker Station, Conn., August 19, 1877.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1877.

THE LAW OF GRATUITOUS BENEFITS.

There are certainly two legitimate ways of dealing with human beings, *viz.*, the *legal* way and the *loving* way. A man deals with his neighbors in the legal way, but he deals with his wife and children in the loving way. And these two ways are not only legitimate, but they are both obligatory. Everybody acknowledges that it is a man's *duty* to give his children bread and education without requiring them to pay for it. The question of questions for the present time and for all time is, What is the proper extent of this duty of gratuitous benefit? Is it confined to a man's relations to his private family? Or should it be extended to all other relations, according to his ability?

The great principle at the foundation of Christianity is that God saves men by his grace and not by their works; *i. e.*, he deals with them as children and not as hirelings who have to work for all they get. The legal method is applied only to those who are hopelessly vicious. So that Christianity is manifestly on the side of gratuitous dealing as a rule, with legal dealing as the exception. And Christianity proposes that its disciples shall individually carry out this principle. Christ demands that we shall do as God does.

All the doctrines of political economy that make it right for the rich to leave the poor to the tender mercies of "supply and demand," utterly ignore the duty of gratuitous benefit beyond a man's own family. And strictly carried out, they would give over wife and children to the same tender mercies; for the popular doctrine that helping people encourages shiftlessness, which is paralyzing all charity and making mercy a crime, is just as rational an objection to helping wife and children as to helping the poor generally.

On what considerations is the duty of gratuitous benefit founded in the case of family relations? Manifestly on these: that in the helpless stage of infancy and childhood, and in the weakness of womanhood, the help of man *must* be given gratuitously, or the race would perish. I think facts will at last prove that there is the same weakness and the same necessity ruling in the relation of the rich and poor. Certain it is that this fact of weakness and necessity rules between all of us and God. We should have no hope, if he should leave any of us to the merciless law of supply and demand.

Note well this point: that there is the same *weakness* to be taken care of in the lower classes, as that which is provided for in the case of women and children. It seems to me that this is the critical point of the whole discussion about dealing with the poor.

I met with the following in a New York daily of great authority in political economy: "The establishment by government of eight hour-laws and minimum rates of wages and the like, are only dangerous attempts to degrade the man who works with his hands, *for they imply that he is an infant or an imbecile who needs some special nursing.*" I wrote under it—"*That is just what many of them are, as is proved by their failure in the struggle of life; and the truth should be no degradation to them.*" Who does not see that the great and growing family of tramps are "infants and imbeciles" who ought to have been taken care of by somebody long ago? My impression is that the non-recognition of this weakness and dependence of great classes of *men*, as well as of women and children, fostering, as it does on the one hand, the pride and self-sufficiency of the poor, thus educating them for rebellion, and on the other, giving the rich an excuse for saying, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is at the bottom of the troubles of this time. Pride, that is ashamed of the need of help and ready to put shame upon it in others, is the sin of sins, which is opening the awful quarrel between the poor and the rich, as it has always alienated man from God. We are all infants and imbeciles before God; and the poor as a class are certainly infants and imbeciles in comparison with the rich. I think these troubles will continue till this pride is thoroughly pulled down, and all classes learn to acknowledge their dependence on God and on one another. This acknowledgement will teach the rich their duty to help the poor, as well as their duty to submit to be helped by God.

J. H. N.

A MALTHUSIAN BIRD.

Public and private enterprise is active in increasing the supply and variety of food-fish in American waters, and game birds on our waste lands. The first interest is successfully cared for by national and state commissions, while the latter more naturally is in the hands of private individuals. A few years ago the English sparrow (with too much success some say), was introduced for the purpose of destroying the worms and insects that infest city shade trees and parks, and attempts are now making to naturalize the foreign skylark. About two years ago the project of introducing European, migratory quail was discussed among sportsmen, and late numbers of *The Forest and Stream* contain interesting accounts of what has already been accomplished by two gentlemen—Hon. Martin G. Evarts, of Rutland Vt., and Warren Hapgood, Esq., a Boston merchant. They became interested, and moved in the enterprise, unknown to each other, and after much difficulty have safely imported from the Island of Sicily about two hundred quails each. "It was a most singular circumstance," says Mr. Hapgood, "that after years of delay and disappointment, each operating through different agents,—without any concert of action whatever—at last our birds should happen to be shipped on the same vessel, and arrive at the same time." He is hopeful that this "prolific little foreigner will fill a gap and furnish food for millions of our people." If this expectation is fulfilled these gentlemen will be numbered with those who have made "two spears of grass to grow where one did before." These birds, according to Mr. Hapgood, have one notable instinct. He says: "By the best observers of the habits of the quail, it is understood there is a law regulating their breeding. For instance, in a section of country, or a part of a township that is overstocked, *i. e.*, when there are already too many for the supply of food in that section, they will not pair nor breed the following season, but will remain in flocks or bevies. That food-supply has great influence on the reproductiveness of both animals and man is a well-established fact. It was therefore decided not to liberate all the birds in one place." If this is a true observation of this notably amative bird, we might add, in the language of the preacher a little modified—"Go to the [quail, O man,] consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler," provides (against over population). E. H. H.

ONE OF HORACE GREELEY'S ANSWERS.

"Men will gradually, but surely, become convinced that *upon industry, honesty and economy*, and not upon any new mechanical arrangement, must they depend for success in life."

These were the words of the New York *Courier* thirty-two years ago—very similar, however, to the words used by a certain class of teachers to-day. They drew from Horace Greeley the following rather indignant response, which may also find a present application:

"The French Princess, who, in a time of famine, wondered why people *would* starve, declaring that *she* would eat plain beef or even bread rather than starve, was not up to this touch of the *Courier*. Why, right here in this city of New York to-day, there are many thousands of human beings anxious, eager for work on any terms which will yield them a bare subsistence, and unable to find it. Many thousands more are hard at work for wages which barely keep the breath of life in them and their helpless children. * * * Man! if you have no heart, have at least sufficient respect for other's feelings not to heap insult on human misery by your cant about industry and economy! Give the poor a real education, work to do, and fair wages for doing it—*secure* these to all who need them, and you will have done just what the Associationists are arduously struggling for. * * * If you know or can devise any better way than theirs, of securing the great end they aim at—opportunity and a just recompense to all—just go to work and promote it in your own way—*they* will not oppose nor malign you for differing from them, but bid you God speed. But if you will do nothing to remove the mass of human misery which want of employment and of just reward occasion, you ought at least not to hinder those who are trying to do something, in the best way they know; nor should you insult the misfortunes of the destitute by commending to them that 'industry' which they have no opportunity to practice."

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

One of the greatest advantages which the growing tendency toward Coöperation and Association will bring to those who take part in them, will be more leisure for individual development and a further perfection of personal character. Under the isolated, single-handed system of getting a living, there are multitudes of people who are barely able by extremest toil to supply their corporeal needs, and who must, perforce, let the germs of many talents go wholly uncultivated for want of time to bestow upon them. Thus the individual suffers grievously from arrested development, and society and the State suffer just as grievously from the lack of a high intellectual and moral standard among their members generally. Indeed, the obligation to toil slavishly for ten hours a day, in order to gain the bare necessaries or even the comforts of life, might safely be termed the great arrester of development at the present time, and coöperation, it is beginning to be seen, is the only thing that can throw off its constrictions. Every man who has no leisure from the cares of providing for a family may fairly be called a case of arrested development, for his whole life is absorbed in the comparatively narrow and unelevating pursuit of supplying mere physical wants. Every woman who is bound by the chain of labor to work in a factory all day, in order that she may keep body and soul together, is a pitiful case of arrested development. That is, the necessity of spending all the strength of her hands and brain in maintaining a hold on existence, plainly prevents her from becoming the improved and educated being that she might be if she had a generous amount of leisure, together with assured support. Neither the man, who is engrossed by the labor of providing for a family, nor the woman who toils for herself, has any strength left for intellectual pursuits, nor that serene freedom from care which is necessary to the happy cultivation of mental gifts.

It seems to us to be nothing to the point to cite the examples of such exceptional cases as Elihu Burritt and others, as instances of people who have surmounted great obstacles and have educated themselves in spite of the burden of long daily labor. All are not equally strong any more than all have equal talents, and we are looking to coöperation to bring in a state of society in which the weakest shall have opportunity and inducement to make the most of their capacity for intellectual and moral improvement. Coöperation and Association are proving that men may live well and free from care by an attractive and enjoyable labor for six hours per day, thus leaving an ample margin of leisure for the highest development of the individual. G. N. M.

COMMUNITY DEVICES.

Under the heading "Home Topics" a writer in the *American Agriculturist*, signing herself "Faith Rochester," takes notice of sundry Communistic matters. First she gives her opinion of

"A MOP-WRINGER.

"My remarks on Floor-Cleaning, in the May number of the *American Agriculturist*, called forth a letter from the Oneida Community, accompanied by a photograph of a wringer used in that institution. It is unpatented, and is not offered for sale, but the writer says: 'Our own folks, and our hired help, think ever so much of them, and have never ceased to express their appreciation of them. You see it is a bench on wheels and castors. It carries one or more pails (if you please), one for wringing, the other for rinsing.

'"You will observe it has a knuckle-joint press arrangement that parts and closes the rollers. There is a spring that allows all thicknesses of cloth to be accommodated. On turning the crank the mop wrings out on the same side where it is put in. As a mop is always a short cloth, it is not tiresome to wring it, and there is no farther need of scalding your hands, or 'touching one's fingers to the dirty mop.' *An evenly made mop* should always be used. When the machine is not required for mop-wringing, *incidental* to its design, it may serve as a water-pail bench, or as a

truck to convey heavy things across a room, or to wring cloths.'

"The writer further says that none of these machines have been put in the market, but if they should be, they would be built of different styles and of comely appearance, and that they could be furnished at about the same price as clothes-wringers of the same size rollers.

"This wringer is undoubtedly a great convenience, and I do not wonder that it is highly appreciated by the workers who do the mopping at Oneida Community. But I think wringers like this will not soon be in great demand. They can not be made cheap enough to come within the reach of those who desire them—cultivated women who do their own housework. * * * * * *

"I may be mistaken, but it has long seemed to me that we house-keepers should never find much amelioration of our lot, (indeed it is so with all hand-laborers)—such amelioration as we could and ought to get from the application of machinery, and the great forces of water, steam, wind, electricity, and what not—until the spirit of coöperation enables us to 'stop the leaks' which seem inevitable to our present single-handed struggles for existence. Many of the advantages which will result from coöperation fall to the lot of the existing communities, but desirable as these advantages are, they are heavily over-balanced (in my opinion) by disadvantages of a another kind."

Miss Rochester thus discourses of

"WOMEN IN TROUSERS.

"The photograph to illustrate the mop-wringer gives also a picture of a woman holding the mop in the machine. This photograph passed through editorial hands in coming to me, and called forth comments like these: 'At all events, I am not responsible for what Mr. R. may think, say, or do, when he finds you in receipt of photographs of beings in br—trou pant—or some other kind of loony thing that were formerly considered as distinctive of the male 'sect.' Oh, isn't (he—she) *it* a beauty! It almost makes me want to be a communite, and be where such can be seen every day!'

"This kind of wit is too cheap for our friend, the editor, who is opposed to every thing like feminine extravagance, and in favor of every thing based on common sense. How would he have a woman dress when mopping her floor? The woman in the photograph wears a dress of some plain, inexpensive worsted material, made with Garabaldi, or blouse waist, coat-sleeves, and plain skirt plaited at the waist, and reaching but a little below the knee. The lower limbs are modestly clothed in lined trousers, made of the same fabric as the dress, apparently fashioned, like the trousers usually 'distinctive of the female sect.' I do not know of any costume more suitable for a woman when mopping floors—or hoeing potatoes either. On many a dewy morning this summer, have I seen my German neighbor hoeing potatoes in the field near me, with her calico skirt, made of the usual 'womanly' length, draggled almost to her knees, weighed down with dew and dirt. One might suppose that it would be for her convenience and comfort and health, to wear short skirts and trousers, but I am not sure that it would, it is so hard for most women to brave an adverse public opinion. It is foolish to scold about public opinion. If it is wrong, all you can do is to labor to educate it. It is not at all strange that we are shocked at the sight of a woman in trousers, all our ideas of women and angels have been, through long ages, so inseparably associated with long and flowing robes—though woman's robes do not 'flow' much nowadays, except when they draggle a trail behind, in a manner that would shock all our ideas of decency and cleanliness, if we were not accustomed to it.

"I am here reminded of a late idyl, by Coventry Patmore, in the '*Pall Mall Gazette:*' 'The Girl of All Periods.' This line characterizes well a late fashion, and speaks of 'loony things' too. 'Her two shy knees bound in a single trouser.' But does it not seem a cruel and absurd way to treat any two knees, shy or not? What will not women stand for fashion's sake? When we have got well past it all (we, the human race), how very absurd it all will seem—the trails, the skeleton skirts of different shapes, the 'single trouser,' or pull-back, the bustles and panniers! compared with any style of dress, now quite shocking to our perverted taste, which evenly *clothes* the human body without interfering with its free exercise and development.

"Until a comparatively recent period, women have not been clothed, but only draped—pinched and distorted above the waist-line, and draped below. It is useless to hoot at women in trousers, for all properly dressed women now wear trousers, as extremely few did half a century ago. These are usually made of white cotton cloth, and drapery is supposed to conceal them, but great numbers of well-dressed women now wear, in cold weather, warm-colored woolen trousers over their under-suits and beneath their skirts. So we are gradually getting familiar with the idea of trousers on women, so shocking to all the old ideas of womanliness, and by and by, perhaps, we shall see that long skirts over the trousers, for the sake of woman's conventional drapery, are a luxury we can no longer afford—if not a nuisance we will no longer endure. Then if we must have drapery in motion in order to gratify our ideas of beauty, perhaps we shall put trailing drapery upon our horses—why not? Or is it possible that our ideas of beauty will undergo a reformation?"

THOUGHTS OF THE HOUR.

DEAR SOCIALIST:—I have been reading an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, entitled "The Child of the State." It has left me very sorrowful. In the fullness of my heart, I sit me down to pour forth to you my complaints. *You* are devoted to social reforms. Your motto is "The enlargement and perfection of Home." That must mean a great deal and promise much. Do you hope it will prove the end and cure of the bitter evils over which many now vainly weep?

This "Child of the State" (about whom I have been reading), "Josie Welch," orphan, was innocent of every thing but running away from a home that was to her no home. Past patience, her guardians give her to the State. In other words she is sent to a Reform School. She is not yet ten. In this school are girls of all ages, up to twenty, sent there for all sorts of offenses. Is it possible that the State confines them there for the very purpose of spreading the contagion of their polluted lives among the younger children? Into this hot-bed of vice, "Josie," excitable, restless, with no moral training, but as yet innocent, is dropped. For the rest a harrowing tale—tyranny, opprobrium, abuse of every kind, ending in unchastity, moral ruin, and, almost, the crime of suicide. Reform School, indeed! Here is an unfortunate, helpless waif, dragged down instead of up by her education and environments. The helps to fortune that the State offered her were cruelties.

I have never before been so deeply moved by such recitals. Yet the sad lives of these children of the State have before been open to my view. I have known women like Josie Welch's mother, who worked her long weary day at the factory, perforce leaving her brood of children to run unkempt and uncared for amid all sorts of physical and moral risks. If such a mother dies, the Poor House, the Reform School, the House of Correction, the Jail, Auburn, Sing Sing, perhaps receive and nourish her unfortunate quiverful. Not always, of course. The good angels make better chances for some. But the darker risks are too seldom missed; among the girls, alas! (as this author shows) when thrown upon the mercies of the State and Reform School, seldom escaped.

Heretofore, as I started to say, the unhappy lives of such children have seemed so far away from me and mine, that my heart, though saddened at sight of them, has felt only vague, impersonal interest. Perhaps the hard times, and the late discussion of the labor and population question, which I have found more or less time to read, have broadened my mind and opened my eyes. Certain it is that my interest is keener of late. A confusion of new thoughts and questions are presented to my mind. I say to myself, "What if I am a happy wife and mother? What if my circumstances are comparatively easy, and my husband and I have plenty wherewithal to feed, clothe and educate our four darling children? Yes, our farm is paid for, free of mortgage, well tilled, we are thrifty and have a snug little sum in the bank. It will take a perverse providence to spoil the future for me and mine. But I see, O I see others, whom I know to be as industrious and as honest as myself to whom untoward luck has come; who can not clothe and feed their little ones; about whose hearthstone is found want, disease and death." Then I recall all the instances I have ever known of boys and girls, who, through want and neglect have gone down, down, down, and I sicken over the number which I remember.

And now, vividly impressed by these thoughts, and the article I have just read, my mind seems to give

"my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time."

Trance-like I sit. My children's children, the descendants of my blood and love, rise before me—a countless multitude. I see them of all classes and grades; the rich, the well-to-do, the poor, the destitute; the cultured, the uncultured, the ignorant, and alas! the vicious. I am gladdened and saddened in a breath. Now in my vision behold a fair mansion set with flower and tree and lawn, and on the porch a happy group of husband, wife and child. The clairvoyant soul whispers to the rejoicing heart, "These are descendants of your beloved son Geoffrey." Quickly fades the picture, and I see—ah, me! a narrow, noisome city alley, rows of crowded, unwholesome tenements, and in a room in the uppermost story of one, a faded, hollow-eyed woman sewing. On a low, rude bed in a corner, a huddle of ragged, bony children lie restlessly sleeping. The clairvoyant soul whispers to the aching heart, "These are descendants of your darling Eva."

* * * * * * * * *

Pen and time would fail me should I seek to describe the sharply-contrasted scenes which have passed before me. Too long they alternately gladdened and saddened, ere I broke the spell, and came back to the problems of the present hour. What do I conclude? I know not all, yet thus much: I count it a fatalism, narrow, shallow, which for every ill says merely, "God wills it," "It is fore-ordained," "The ways of Providence are mysterious and not to be gainsaid;" and so suffers the evolutions of time to come and go, the fruits of selfishness to ripen and fall, without let or hindrance; without any reachings after the divine wisdom which can control the human will, and through it control the environments and evolutions of the human being. I count security founded on personal, present comfort as foolish, selfish. Time reveals the universal brotherhood of man to man, which the selfishness of the moment may dim but not destroy. If the machinery of society as it now runs worketh ill to the poor and humble, this should be thought no light thing by the brave and fortunate. What though they may escape, the descendants of their blood and love may have to pass under the rod of adversity and become "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the rich and proud. Do not say that "God ordered it," unless you can swear that the selfishness, the greed of gain, the unwisdom of both rich and poor, had nothing to do with it. I know you can not so swear.

As I consider in my heart the ways of the world and the fruit of the society to which I belong (of which fruit I and many have the sweet, and "Josie Welch" and others the bitter), I feel humbled. Far be it from us to say, "We are the people, and wisdom will die with us." And yet I fear many of us are feeling this, and tacitly saying this, continually. Else why so intolerant of all efforts to change the prevailing order of society? Else why so cold or scornful to the earnest and honest who are trying to find better ways, other orders of society in which the sum-total of happiness is greater and the misery less; (greater and greater, less and less, till the happiness is all in all, and the misery—it is not). It may be in one way, it may be in another. Who knows how or where? Coöperation, Association, Communism, "The enlargement and perfection of home?"

My heart is awake and thoughtful. If not heretofore, henceforth, dear SOCIALIST, I shall give a welcome encouragement to all who, like you, are struggling with the greatest questions of the day. I want to help. As long as society and the State raise such children as "Josie Welch" and others I myself know of, and then does no better by them than we see, I shall never be wholly content, spite of the peace and plenty I find beneath my own roof-tree.

Earnestly,

ASTER E. HART.

THE BRADLAUGH-BESANT TRIAL,

OR

THE POPULATION QUESTION.

IV.

MRS. BESANT'S ARGUMENT ON THE QUESTION OF INTENT.

"The Solicitor-General says the intent is good. If that be so, the duty of the Solicitor-General is to get up and say that he drops the charge against us, for as the indictment falls through by his own admission, he has no right to keep you here wasting your time on an indictment which he himself confesses is bad. But, then, he puts it, that the intent does not matter. I say, gentlemen, that the intent is the vital part of the charge. The intent of the book is what you will really have to judge. The learned Solicitor-General put that strongly when he said there was a colorable pretext of philosophy, a colorable use of the word marriage, when really what was intended was not to give philosophy, but gratification of passion—not to teach married people how to restrain their families, but to teach the unmarried how wrongly to gratify their passions. How utterly untrue that is I shall show you as I go on through the pages of this book. The intent in a medical book must be taken to be the very essence of the character of the book. If Sir James Paget wrote a book simply on the diseases of the generative organs, no kind of description of those organs could make the book obscene, because Sir James Paget would write the book not with the intention of corrupting the mind, but with the intention of curing the diseases with which he dealt. In every book that contains physiological details, the intent, therefore, is the very essence of the charge. The intent makes the difference between decency and indecency. A medical book which describes these organs with the intent of a useful purpose is a proper book, and a book that may rightly be published. A medical book that makes such description with the intent to arouse passions is a bad book, and against such an indictment would fairly lie. I am not talking now whether or not it would be wise to prosecute a book of that kind, because I hold that such a prosecution really spreads the book more widely than otherwise it would

be; but I must acknowledge that every medical book may be read for a bad purpose by an impure mind. * * Every book, however good the book may be—any of your old classics, any of your standard English works, may be read for the vilest purposes, if the impure mind is to be permitted to characterize them and put upon them the shame that only comes from its own obscene impurity. Then I will put it to you, and I will venture here, instead of using my own words, to plead in the words of one of our mightiest advocates—that Erskine, whose name is known as one of our mightiest pleaders wherever the English language has made its way. The case is that of the King *v.* J. Lambert, J. Perry and J. Grey, for a seditious libel, in 'Howell's State Trials,' 22nd vol. Erskine says:—'When a man accused of libel is brought before a jury, they are to consider only the mind and intention with which the matter was written; and accordingly as they shall find that, they are to form their decision of guilt or innocence.' Gentlemen, that is the contention I am raising to you—that you are to think of our minds and intents in publishing this book; and I take publishing to be the same as writing a book; and according to that you are to find us guilty or innocent. Mr. Erskine goes on:—'The jury are to dismiss from their minds every other consideration, and allow themselves to be biased by no motive of party or of political convenience. There is this essential difference between criminal and civil cases: in criminal cases, the jury have the subject entirely in their own hands; they are to form their judgment upon the whole of it; not only upon the act alleged to be criminal but the motive by which it was influenced, the intention with which it was committed, and, according to their natural sense of the transaction, they ought to find a man innocent or guilty: and their verdict is conclusive. Not so in civil cases. In these the jury are bound to abide in their decision by the law as explained by the judge: they are not at liberty to follow their own opinions. * * The law and the fact are as distinct and separate as light from darkness, nor can any verdict of a jury pass for a farthing in opposition to the law as laid down by the judge, since the courts have a power to set such a verdict aside. But in criminal cases the very reverse has been immemorially established—the law and the fact have been inseparably joined; the intention of the party accused is the very gist of the case. We are criminal only in the eyes of God and man as far as the mind and the intention in committing any act has departed from the great principles of rectitude by which we are bound as moral agents, and by the indispensable duties of civil society. It is not the act itself, but the motive from which it proceeds that constitutes guilt.' I ask you to bear that passage in mind, from one of the highest authorities in a court like this. When you are considering your verdict after the defense is made, Erskine reminds you: 'You are solemnly set in judgment on the hearts of the defendants in the publication of this paper. You are to search for their intention by every means which can suggest itself to you. You are bound to believe in your consciences that they are guilty of malicious and wicked designs before you can pronounce the verdict of guilty. It is not because one of them published the paper, or because others are the proprietors of it, but because they were or were not actuated by an evil mind, and had seditious intentions, that you must find them guilty or not guilty.' And Erskine states, gentlemen, that that was the law as laid down by the celebrated Hale; and I am sure, in putting it to you so, you will see the authority with which I am dealing here. He points out in another place that this had been contested in earlier days, but in his own time it was made law; and then, in dealing with this very case, where a book was held to be libel against the king, but where, because the intent of the publisher was good, no sentence was ever passed upon him, and the jury refused to find him guilty of a publication with a malicious intent, as charged in the indictment; in dealing with that Erskine says: 'If you give the defendants the credit of honest feelings and upright intentions, on my part any farther defense is unnecessary; we are already in possession of your verdict; you have already pronounced them not guilty; for you will not condemn the conduct when you have acquitted the heart.' That, gentlemen, is Erskine's speech in pleading to the jury, and I will ask you to remember that if you bring me in guilty on this indictment you will have done it only because you believe my intent to have been bad, believe my desire is to corrupt and deprave the young; and unless you find that, you are bound in justice, you are bound to give me a verdict of Not Guilty. Then the learned Solicitor-General turns to the case of the Queen *v.* Hicklin, and points out that the good intent of the publisher can not be held to protect the work. But we find there that the work was an utterly obscene work. * * * I admit that there is no justification in law for publishing an obscene book. I admit that if this book is obscene no amount of good and pure intentions on my part can possibly purge it from its obscenity. I bow thoroughly here to the judgment laid down by the Lord Chief Justice in this case. But I contend that this book is not an obscene book, and that therefore the case of the Queen *v.* Hicklin has no authority here. I will pass, then, to the matter of the book. I say that the matter is not obscene; that our intent in publishing the matter was good; that the knowledge conveyed in the book is useful and necessary, and that, because it is useful and necessary that knowledge ought to be within the reach of all."

(To be Continued.)

THE KING OF THE BUTTERFLIES.

Down in the dirt by the doorstep lay the most horrible, enormous, rough, black pupa ever seen. It was the butt of all the well-to-do sow-bugs and angle-worms for several feet around. Under the doorstep, the puppy, who acted in the capacity of court fool to the children, had his lair; he discovered the ugly reptile-looking thing among the rubbish there one day, and with many a grotesque fling of the paw and owlish turning of the head sideways, poked it out into the hot sun. The terrible heat pierced the soft, pulpy, dimly-alive being to the core, and should have ended it at once according to all law and propriety, but it did not. The puppy, having at last tired of his pleasantry, left the helpless nondescript writhing in the sun, when along came a hen and her chickens who lodged in a coop near by. "What is this?" cried the hen; "there is considerable of it, but it does not look very nutritious." And then she clucked to her chickens with systematic enthusiasm; they all ran up tumbling over one another in their greedy haste, attacked the thing without looking, and would perhaps have swallowed it at once if it had not been so big and rough; then were seized with sudden fear to find that it was alive, and drew back, and stretched their necks, and exchanged conjectures, then made furtive pecks at it, fought over it, nearly pulled it in two between them, at last gave it up and turned their bob-tails on it in disgust. Then the features of the hen become convulsed with judicious rage, and she exclaimed: "Miserable thing! I know you now; you were once a useful grub that might have been eaten, and now you are good for nothing; but I will teach you to shut yourself up in that hard misanthropic shell and starve my chickens;" and at that she gave him a most incredible tweak that should have killed him outright according to all rational calculation, but it did not; it landed him among the obscure filth of the dog-kennel, there to suffer and dream many a long day. But the revolving wheel of Fortune, acting through the instrumentality of a random movement of the pup's left hind leg, at length turned over the bunch of damp straw that hid the trance of the chrysalis; the puppy picked him up with the very tips of his teeth and carried him mincingly on to the door-step for the children to examine. "What a horrid worm," said one; "'tain't a worm, it's a bug," said the second; the third said it was neither one, but a dead thing; the fourth hurried for a cup of hot water, and all were delighted to see the monstrosity squirm when he poured it on, till in its agonized struggles it rolled through a crack between the boards of the door-step and was swallowed up again in the filthy obscurity of the dog-kennel. This ordeal should infallibly have killed him; but he could not die, nor yet live; only suffer and dream.

In a knot-hole in the bottom log of the cabin, right under the door-step, lived a hermit-mouse. A great lover of sight-seeing was he, and it was all the theatre he wanted to sit at the entrance of his domicile and watch the puppy's antics, listen to his hoarse growling, and occasionally see the hen set up her feathers and drive him ignominiously to cover. A bold dashing blade was this mouse, and a high liver; he dared steal out and pick up crumbs whenever the puppy left his office on short business trips—such as going to the barn to rummage the low-lying hen's nests for a fresh egg to suck. Owing to improvidence and too much competition from the chickens, the mouse found himself one night half starved; as soon as the puppy took himself off (to be initiated in the rudimentary degree of sheep-worrying) he sallied out, but found nothing but the bloated chrysalis that he had often before nosed out of his way for an unclean thing. This time, more from spite than any rational hope of alimentation, he gnawed a hole through his crust and spurned him forth into the moonlight. That night the mouse went to bed hungry and dreamed the world was turned old cheese; the puppy half-choked with wool, had a most appalling nightmare; but the children, placid as ever, dreamed only common dreams, such as flying kites big as thunder-clouds and riding across the desert ostrich-back. The next morning the sun stood high above the dim margin of the eastern plain, and still all slept in and about the cabin; when a wonderful sound like the rushing of winds through mountain pines drew them all forth, and behold! there on the ground lay the cast-off husk of the chrysalis, and above them soared like a halo the King of the Butterflies. His head and body were the purest black and white; his wings were each a good yard across; below they were brown and green to match the earth, and radiant with all the loveliest picture-work that Light, enamored of Matter, ever creates; above they were blue and gold to match the sky, and embroidered with celestial landscapes and the ripeness of dreams. Round and round above the heads of the earthlings he circled, nor saw them, nor thought of them; then floated away into the avenues of the Sun and was lost to their sight forever.

Years afterward when the puppy had grown grave and cynical, and the hen had passed into driveling second chickenhood, the chickens become active and useful members of society, the mouse asthmatic and corpulent, the children quite sizable oily-faced young dullards, the strife was often heard renewed as to who had done most to release the King of the Butterflies from the iron-bound integument in which he lay so long imprisoned like the Afrit in the bottle. They were agreed only on one point—the ungrateful return made for their "labors in furtherance of development." The dog claimed beyond dispute to have first discovered the miraculous embryo and brought it out into the life-giving sunlight, without which it must have shrunk back into nothingness. The hen and chickens were none of them backward in blowing their own trumpets, while the children, with superior self-sufficiency, were well aware that that hot water application (to which they gave a long Greek name) had made all the difference with the wonder-bug between being and not being. The old mouse sat at the mouth of his hole and listened amused at all this twaddle, knowing well that he alone was in the secret of the matter. And thus each one was well satisfied in his own conceit.

G. E. Tufts.

GIVING UP THE SHIP.

There is another thing that I like about Miss Albright, and that is that she does not seem to have given up all her aims for self-improvement, and her own hearty enjoyment and possession of life just because she has got married and has a child. The neighbors say that she studies hard for an hour or two every day, and I remember that once when the *Gossamer* brought back some French and Spanish sailors who had been shipwrecked, she could talk with them very easily and explain their wants and condition to Mr. Erwin and the village folks. Then, too, I know that Miss Albright practices music, for I often go by the house in the evening, when I can hear her at her piano through the blinds. I do not mean by this that Miss Albright is not fond of her son Philip, for, as the schoolmaster said, "he has had a splendid bringing-up." Although she has the most perfect control of him it is plain that he loves her and that she loves him very much; but, for all that, she does not seem to have in any way given up her own hearty relish for, and pursuit of, whatever is useful and interesting and improving, simply because she has a child. I don't understand why it is that so many people seem to abandon their own hopes and ambitions just because they have some children. As though their own improvement and enjoyment of life were worth nothing, and must come suddenly to an end, though they may not be thirty years old. It seems like making one's will at the very threshold of life, or like striking one's flag before the ship gets out of the harbor. Why should we vacate the right to make the most of ourselves, simply because we have children who will live after us? If the grown people give up all thought of bettering themselves and stop in the stage of immaturity, like green apples that fall from the tree, I don't see why the children should do any better. I can't help thinking when I see a woman all swallowed up by her children and foregoing all personal improvement, that those very children who are absorbing her whole life will be having children themselves in a few years, and then where is her especial profit? Not that I would not have the children carefully and tenderly brought up, but it seems a great pity that persons should have to drop their own advancement while they are yet very immature, and give up their lives to children who will carry improvement no further.

But then, I suppose it is impossible for a woman who has many children to do any thing but take care of them. Poor Miss Erwin could not, and then there is Miss Santum who took several prizes at the Seminary, and who used to write almost every week for the *Argosy*. All the village folks used to read her writings, and they were quite proud of her, but since she married the Captain she has not written a line and now she looks so worried and careworn that I am afraid she will never put the sparkle into her articles that she once did, if indeed, she ever writes any more.

What a pity that some way of living could not be

found so that people need not merge their whole lives in their children and be wholly absorbed by the care of them, but could have time to go right on and perfect their own characters and accomplishments, and, at the same time, have their children better brought up and cared for than they are now. Then the having of children might be made an incident instead of the end of life, and every one could make the most of himself.

But I can only creep about the village and sit in the doorways and observe and think of these things. Perhaps if I were Mr. Erwin or the schoolmaster I could do something. SIMPLE BEN.

HERE are some of the ideas of the new English paper, called the *Socialist* which we mentioned last week:

"To 'CHRISTIANS.'—If you are Christians indeed, and not merely professors—quacks, impostors—you are Socialists; for Jesus Christ, as an advocate of Socialism, was the chief of all of whom Englishmen have known or read. During the time of Jesus and his committee (called 'Apostles') no person was accepted as a Christian who was not a Socialist. If the 'Christianity' of these times is identical with the Christianity of Christ's time, then you are Socialists or you are not Christians, but are followers and imitators of Ananias and Sapphira.

"To 'ATHEISTS.'—Some of you have unwisely thought that most, if not all, of the chief Socialists have been 'Atheists.' In this matter you have deceived yourselves and others. All true Socialists feel that they have little time to waste either on theology or anti-theology.

"To EACH READER.—A Socialist is a person who endeavors so to improve society as to have it based and regulated on the most equitable and economical principles. In such a society, all officials, from the greatest to the least, must have proven and earned their fitness for their offices by work profitable to the commonwealth. Each officer must be a faithful and profitable servant of and to the People. There will be no 'King' or 'President' in a Socialists' Republic, but a Convener of Congress. There will be no 'Premier,' Peers or Bishops, and no need of them. There will be no Generals of drilled destroyers and assassins, but Chiefs of the peaceful and profitable arts, sciences and industries. There will be no Admirals, but of peaceful fleets. There will be no Solicitors or Attorneys—general or other—but only Judges who have become qualified for their position by wise study of mankind, physiologically and psychologically, and of the best resources of society. (These Judges may have Clerks or Messengers, but no Lawyer would be permitted to practice for fee or hire in any public court). There would be no hangmen or soldiers; no policemen or public floggers, and no substitutes. There would be no prisons, 'poor-houses' or other. There would be no licences, custom-dues or taxes, and no monopolies. There would be no prostitutes, and no thieves but insane persons. There would be no Houses of Babblers (called 'Parliament),' and no mummery with Regalias, Black Rods, Wigs, Gowns, Aprons, and such barbarian paraphernalia. There would be no landlords, gamekeepers, bankers, brokers or usurers. There would be no 'crimes' except sins against nature and willful breach of agreement, and every criminal would be placed under the care of a kind and wise physician. There would be no 'Legislators' but the People, and the thousands of offenses now caused by the statutes, customs and systems of society would cease to exist."

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST: EIGHT-PAGE WEEKLY: PUBLISHED AT ONEIDA, N. Y.: EDITED BY REV. J. H. NOYES,

The founder and for many years the head of the Oneida Community. It always contains interesting matter relating to Communistic Societies at home and abroad. It is by no means limited to the discussion of one idea or one method of association, but freely and fairly compares all forms of Co-operation, from the merely business coöperative unions to the close communion societies in which every thing is shared in common. Those who have never had their attention called to any other mode of living, than the single and isolated families in which they were brought up, will be surprised on reading this journal to learn how largely the idea of Association has occupied men's minds, how many plans have been suggested, and, most of all, how many hundreds of people are living together at the present day under one form or another of Communistic relation. The SOCIALIST also contains columns devoted to matters of general interest which are always well selected and readable. Its tone may be judged from the following quotation called forth by the recent riotous demonstrations: "Love is a good thing and Communism is a good thing, but we do not want to have either forced upon us. The one would be rape and the other would be hell and robbery."—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

Ruskin truly says: "The art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is, equally and necessarily, the art of keeping your neighbor poor."

Dr. Lees, of England, denies that he has changed his views on the question of Bible-wines.—*Congregationalist.* Lees on the wines is clearly unscriptural. Isaiah says, "Wines on the lees, well refined," is the right order.

RECEIVED.

TWO KISSES. By Hawley Smart. One vol., paper, pp. 254. Price 50 cents. Published by Loring, corner Bromfield and Washington-sts., Boston, Mass.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

HOME.

Sitting Bull, where are you?

Gen. McClellan says the Russians are going to beat.

New York city has received 890,756 baskets of peaches this year.

California has produced $50,000,000 worth of quick silver since 1850.

Guess the strikers will find out that it isn't safe to even speak to a mail-train.

No wonder the times are hard when death takes all the Prophets Young and old.

The banana ripens in Los Angeles, California. The trees were planted in 1874, and they fruit in 1877.

The clambering hop has been called on to come down from its pole and beer help to the yeast-makers.

Professor Swing, of Chicago, has swung the Rev. Joseph Cook in some remarks on the latter's way of putting things.

Brigham Young discouraged free schools, but he sent several of his children to the best educational institutions of the East.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has arranged a loan of $10,000,000, secured by a mortgage on the Chicago Division.

Brigham Young had fifty-two children and a million and a-half in real estate. You can't say that Mormonism did n't do well by him.

The Third Regiment of infantry has been ordered to Montana. It has been serving in the hard-coal regions of Pennsylvania.

Gen. Dakin, of the American team at Creedmore, has scored 215 out of a possible 225. Dudley Selph, a New Orleans man, scored 210.

There are twenty women students at Harvard in the summer schools of chemistry and botany, and twelve at Yale in the school of fine arts.

Brigham Young died on the 29th ult. after a brief attack of cholera morbus and inflammation of the bowels. He was buried on Sunday, the 2d.

John W. Young, the second son of Brigham Young by his first or legal wife, is expected to succeed his father in the presidency of the Mormon Church.

"We can't recognize you until you establish order on the Texan boundary." That is the attitude of the United States toward President Diaz of Mexico.

A round dozen of State Governors have had their heads together in Philadelphia. They talked about the treatment of strikes and on the labor question.

The people down South are willing to be called brethren, but they don't want to own that they are "erring brothers." That is the Key to their position.

Another Savings-Bank has failed—the State Savings Institution of Chicago. Liabilities up above $3,000,000 and assets not likely to realize more than $600,000.

Judge Robinson, of New York, has decided that a lawyer shall make his fees according to the work he has done, and not according to the size of the estate he is to work for.

Alaska is not doing well under the local self-government of the bears and Indians. The latter propose to plunder the traders at Sitka as soon as they get back from salmon-fishing.

The Street Cleaning Bureau of New York collects 3,500 loads of kitchen refuse daily. The harbor of that fine town is likely to be filled up with old tin cans and such by and by.

Raphael Semmes, Confederate Admiral in command of the famous "Alabama," died at Point Clear, Ala., August 30th. He was a soldier, a lawyer, a daring sailor and a poor story-teller.

Our natural leaders of industry are failing in two respects: they are unable to keep the workingman employed, and they are liable to lose the money you put into a savings bank for them to keep.

The Polish and Russian Jews in this country generally think that one of their Rabbis' $5-divorces is good enough for them. This assumption of judicial functions by the hook-nosed Rabbis is beginning to attract attention.

Alonzo B. Cornell, the naval officer of the port of New York, has defied the President's Civil Service order, by sticking to his office and presiding at the meeting of the Republican State Committee. It is thought the politicians mean to make a test case of Cornell.

Somebody has erected a monument at Ossawatomie, Kansas, and dedicated it to the memory of Frederick Brown, David R. Cannon, Thomas P. Powers and Charles Keyser, who were killed August 30, 1856, in the fight with the pro-slavery men under Gen. Reed. It was in that fight that old John Brown got the name of "Ossawatomie" Brown.

The *Nation* says, "There never was an army yet, however holy the cause for which it fought, and however high the spirit of the bulk of the men, which did not have its stragglers and deserters and shirks; and we have no reason to expect to see a society without drags or 'residuum,' until we are able to lay our finger on the very springs of character, and shape a child's destiny in the cradle. In the purest and simplest days of New England theocracy every town had its criminals and loafers and ne'er-do-weels who had to be hanged or whipped or tied by the heels; and yet these were supplied by its own scanty and God-fearing population." Why not do your best to shape a child's destiny before coming to the cradle?

For a while we shall have some writing about Brigham Young and the Mormons. Here is what J. H. Beadle, an old resident of Utah, said of the Saints in a book some years ago. "They are Christians in their belief in the New Testament and the Mission of Christ; Jews in their temporal theocracy, tithing and belief in prophecy; Mohammedans in regard to the relations of the sexes, and Voudoos or Fetichists in their witchcraft, good and evil spirits, faith-doctoring and superstition. From the Buddhists they have stolen the doctrines of apotheosis and the development of the gods; from the Greeks their loves of the immortals and spirits. They have blended the ideas of many nations of polytheists, and made the whole consistent by out-doing the materialists."

There is an unknown writer in the *Atlantic* for September who offers us a pleasant interpretation of nature under the caption of "Waverly Oaks." These are its opening sentences: "In the woods the months follow each other after the manner of Indians, single file, gliding abruptly into sight, pausing, then flitting away into the thickets again—how slowly, how swiftly! The particular April I am recalling came in this unexpected, stealthy fashion, and—moved by the instincts of a thousand ancestral Aprils—began to look for the trail that should lead toward summer. A large persuasive warmth invaded earth and sky; civilization became hateful; nothing seemed wise but to go forth and listen for the footsteps of the maiden season shyly advancing through the trance-still woods."

FOREIGN.

The Turks are good to the Jews.

England advised the Greeks to be neutral, and Greece said she would be.

The Porte has ordered the concentration of 20,000 men on the borders of Servia, it is said.

An English Doctor has just published a brochure entitled "How to live on Six Pence a day."

The Austrian Poles want to know if it isn't a good time to remember their grudge against Russia.

The Kindergarten system has been introduced into the government schools for girls in China.

The Roumanians are going to bear a hand now: 25,000 of them have crossed the Danube to aid the Russian right.

Japan has just had a little rebellion of her own, and suppressed it. The population of that empire is now 33,625,678.

The Vatican has ordered the bishops of Hungary to be a little careful how their priests chant *Te Deums* in glorification of Turkish victories.

A bull regulating the procedure to be observed by the conclave of Cardinals on the death of the Pope has been completed at the Vatican.

W. B. Mayers, an English Secretary of legation at Peking, has prepared a grammar and vocabulary of the languages of Corea. The book will be published in England.

Russia has been in war not quite five months, but her paper currency has swelled to $640,000,000. She will have to issue $328,500,000 more if the war lasts until Autumn.

Nearly one hundred English and American teachers are employed in the schools of Japan. The increase in the number of schools and colleges the last year was not far from eight thousand.

M. Gambetta has been proceeded against by the Public Prosecutor, for a speech he made at Lille. In that address he denounced the Bonapartists with great vehemence, and gave notice to the Government that it would have to submit in case the Republicans were victorious at the next election. How much trouble those epigrammatic Frenchmen have with their sharp tongues and tender ears!

The famine prospects in the East are indeed terrible. Already half a million people have died of hunger and destitution in India. Yet the dispatches have come to represent this almost with indifference, in comparison with the "big tragedy" which they declare is now impending. The editor of the Madras *Times* says: "The population in Southern India more or less afflicted by famine numbers 24,000,000. In the most favorable circumstances at least one-sixth of the people will die." The same report says: "In Madras no camp of 3,000 rises morning after morning without leaving thirty corpses." On any day and every day mothers may be seen in the streets of Madras offering their children for sale." The children are sold for a rupee, or about fifty cents each, and two cases of cannibalism have been reported.

M. D. Conway went out of his way one morning lately to see the famous Father John Henry Newman celebrate an early mass in London. The entire audience consisted of one girl of sixteen meekly kneeling and four Protestants, attending from curiosity. "Father Newman," says Mr. Conway, "is a man of strange visage. His forehead appears extremely low (partly from the way his unparted hair falls over it); the top of his head seems flattened; the mouth bears an expression of unconscious pain; the chin is large and juts out; the nose is very prominent; like that of Wellington. When the features are foreshortened, in the front view, and the clear, luminous eyes bent downwards or nearly closed as prayers are uttered, the face has the appearance of an extremely aged woman, and one nearly imbecile. Another turn bringing a half side face, an open eye, an up-raised head, and the effect is one that seems to call for an Angelo to portray."

The Turks have made work for the Russians all the week. The desperate fighting in the Shipka Pass was kept up by the Turks until the loss was some 12,000 on each side. Suleiman Pasha, after entrenching himself within about 150 feet of the Russians and establishing himself on their right and left flanks, and thereby blockading them as in the bend of a horse-shoe (though still unable to command their line of communication), seems to have despaired of accomplishing any thing more by a direct attack. It is believed that he has sent an expedition to make a detour to the east and strike the Russian road somewhere north of the mountains. It is reported that a small detachment has already done this. There is not much fear as to the safety of the Russian position. On Thursday, the 30th inst., Mahemet Ali made an attack in person upon the Russians along the river Lom and fought them nearly all day. The fighting was desperate and resulted in driving the Russians from the village of Karahassanler in the earlier part of the day and from Haidarayaz in the evening. The Russians at the latter place fell back on Popskoi where they have a strong defensive position. The line of battle extended fifteen miles. Mahemet Ali says he lost 3,000 men and the Russians 4,000. There is no doubt but that the hard fighting has begun in earnest. The Russians lost considerably in arms and equipments, and did not appear to be any way superior to the Turks in the open country. They are in need of the Roumanians who are across the Danube twenty-five miles west of Nikopolis, and of the Servians who are expected to operate in the rear of Osman Pasha.

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